

Memory

by Oreo

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Summary: (Sing to "Memory") Midnight! That's when I thought of this fic! Have I lost my sanity? My muse is insane!...Just a little something I wrote in my spare time...it happens before the rise of Voldemort...PLEASE R/R! :o)

1. Default Chapter Title

"Midnight!

>Not a sound from the pavement!
Has the moon lost her memory?

>She is smiling alone..."
-Memory, Cats

>

>
A young witch stood nervously outside Professor Dumbledore's office. Finally she knocked.

>
"Come in," came the voice from inside.

>
Minerva McGonagall walked in the door.

>
"Minerva! How nice to see you! Sit down," said Dumbledore, gesturing towards the chairs in his new headmaster's office. "What brings you here?"

>
As if someone was following her, Minerva looked around nervously, then spoke. "I was just wondering if you still have that Transfiguration job open?"

>
"Yes, we do. Do you want the job?"

>
Minerva nodded.

>
"All right then." He pulled out a piece of parchment.

"Professor...Riddle," he said, writing it on the paper.

>
"No."

>
"I'm sorry?"

>
"My marriage with Tom is over."

>
"Oh," said Dumbledore, obviously surprised. He could sense that Minerva didn't want to talk about it.

>
"But." She hesitated. "Albus, I just think you should know that I'm..."

>
"Yes?"

>
"Pregnant."

>
"How long?" Dumbledore obviously wanted to say something more, but he contained himself.

>
"One month."

>
Dumbledore looked at the papers on his desk, and saw Minerva's wrist, with a bruise on it.

>
"What happened?"

>
Minerva snatched her hand off the desk, as though she wanted to hide it. "Nothing."

>
"Something did...What?"

>
She looked away.

>
Albus knew that it hadn't been nothing. "Minerva, you can tell me."

>
In a small voice, she said, "Tom."

>
Albus' mouth dropped open. "He abused you?"

>
Very slightly, she nodded.

>
He reached for her wrist, and she reluctantly showed him. A blue-black egg sized bruise was there.

>
Dropping the subject, he said, "Well, if you want the job, it's yours."

>
She gave a small smile and nodded.

>
 ~

>
Seven months later...

>
Professor McGonagall sat at her desk, correcting papers.

>
"This is it!" said a strange voice from the hall

>
There was a rapping at the door.

>
"Come in," she said, wondering who it was. At eight months pregnant, it was too much trouble to get up.

>
The door burst open and at least twenty officials from the Ministry (she could tell by the badges) and the newly appointed minister, Cornelius Fudge, was in her office.

>
"Yes?" she asked warily. This couldn't be good.

>
"Your husband, Tom Riddle, ma'am, is believed to be Lord Voldemort, the one who is causing the attacks," said one of the soldiers.

>
"Have you..."

>
The door opened again, and this time it was Dumbledore who was at the door.

>
"Cornelius, what are you doing here?"

>
Ignoring Dumbledore, the minister continued his question. "Have you had any contact with Tom Riddle in the last six months whatsoever?"

>
The question caught her off guard. "Well-I don't know-I-"

>
"Answer the question," spit out one of the officials.

>
"No."

>
"Are you sure?"

>
"Yes."

>
"Are you carrying his child?"

>
Minerva nodded slowly, embarrassed.

>
"Search the office," said the Minister, gesturing towards his soldiers.

>
There came a knock at the door.

>
The Minister quickly waved his wand, and he, the Ministry officials, and Dumbledore became invisible.

>
Minerva walked up to the door and opened it.

>
In the hall stood a grinning Tom Riddle.

>
Minerva stared at Tom Riddle.

>
"What? Aren't you going to invite me in?" he asked pretending to be insulted.

>
"Um-yes-of course..." she stammered. What was he doing here?

>
"How's baby?" he asked.
>
Instead of saying good, she replied, "What are you doing here? Asking me to get you out of trouble again?" She forgot about the people in the room. "You abuse me, leave me, and expect me to help you?"
>
Tom looked startled. "Minerva. It's not like that. The Ministry is after me for things I didn't do."
>
The word the soldier had said kept running through her head. (Your ex-husband, ma'am, is believed to be Lord Voldemort, the one who's causing all the attacks...Your ex-husband, ma'am...) "Things you didn't do?" she repeated.
>
Tom hesitated, then spoke, not very convincingly. "Yes, things I didn't do!" He looked warily around the room. "They're here, aren't they," he said, a statement, not a question. "You betrayed me. Well, let them know that..." At this point he pulled out his wand.
"Voldemort will never die!" Simultaneously he disappeared in a puff of smoke and shot out a deadly curse.
>
The curse hit a mirror, and ricocheted back to Minerva.

>
A/N: This is just a short little fic I'm working on, cause I need a change from Do You Hear The People Sing?. Blame my muse if you don't like, it was midnight and I couldn't think straight! There will only be two parts, this and the next one. I'm juggling three fics right now (this, Do You Hear The People Sing, and a new one possibly called Arcana), so don't mind if it takes awhile.

>If you review
And do not boo
>this story,
You deserve
>one thousand years
of glory!

>
Disclaimer: All of the Characters belong to J. K. R., the plot belongs to me! Um...the quote belongs to..uh..T. S. Eliot! Yeah. And-uh..Andrew Lloyd Weber! That's who! So don't sue. I know the title is one of thier songs, but you can't copyright an existing word (like Muggle...) :o)

>
OREO
> <p><p>

2. Default Chapter Title

>AN: Last fic from me until after the 5th of August. Going to camp, should come back with a 40-page notebook I bought especially for the purpose to finish Do You Hear The People Sing. Read and review please! Bonus points if you can figure out what Katherine Doyle means (I looked it up for the purpose, hint: They're Greek and Celtic), figure out where the case number comes from (hint: Broadway musicals), and figure out if spell check is insane (hint: yes). If you can't recognize it, go get a ticket to a musical. Now. Thanks to Merlyn for beta-reading. Right now I have a sudden urge to go to the Family Friendly Library website (the one that wrote 'Harry Potter Takes Drugs') (address: www.fflibraries.org) and tell them my ambition is to become a witch...That would be so funny...

>
Disclaimer: Don't own anyone, except, uh...officials, Phobos, an American school (hey, that's pretty big!), a headmistress, and a judge. The rest belong to J. K. Rowling and Andrew Lloyd Weber-The Genius.
>

>

>Memory, Part 22

>
"Every street light seems to beat

>A fatalistic warning!
Someone mutters

>And a street lamp gutters
And soon it will be morning!

>-Memory, Cats

>Minerva crumpled to the ground.

>Cornelius Fudge, who had been unflappable in the three months he had been minister of magic. He looked like a three year-old child about to cry for his mommy.

>The soldiers ran to the place Riddle had left from, could they save their jobs? They had let Voldemort get away! Most of them thought the same thoughts- (How could I be so stupid? I didn't even move! I'm going to lose my job...)

>The only sane one in the room, Dumbledore, ran hurriedly to where Minerva had fallen. Frantically he pulled out his wand and frantically muttered spells under his breath.

>Fudge, recovering his composure, ran quickly across the room to where Albus Dumbledore was crouched. "Is she dead?" he asked, looking at her body. (Damn! If she's dead, I'm ruined! He was right in front of us! She can't die; I'll be impeached, God, she can't be dead.)

>"Not yet." Dumbledore replied solemnly. "But she could be in a matter of minutes if we don't get help."

>Fudge looked at the ground. (Breathe! She's not dead yet, I can still stay in office, she's not going to die, I won't let her, and I'll be ruined.)
Fudge stared sadly at the ground and felt miserably he had caused this

>
Albus stared sadly at the ground, feeling he had caused it. (I should have told her Tom wasn't who she thought he was, I should have made her listen to me!)

>
Cornelius, Albus, and Minerva were all suddenly transported to the hospital wing.

>
"Poppy!" called Albus, disturbing the peace of the hospital wing.

>
A young auburn haired woman ran out of the back room. "Professor Dumbledore? You wanted me?" Catching sight of Minerva sprawled out on the bed; she started working before he answered. Poppy grabbed her wrist. "She has a pulse, but it's very weak. What's this?" Looking closer at Minerva's wrist, she turned to Albus and asked, "What is this?"

>
Albus looked closer to see a small, complex 'V', full of flourishes, on her wrist.

>
"The death mark." Cornelius spoke hesitantly. "Similar marks have been found on other victims, at least, all the ones who didn't survive"

>
"Well, she looks like she'll survive, she's stable right now but if she doesn't get better within six hours, well..." Poppy didn't need to finish. Dumbledore and Fudge looked at the still figure on the bed, hoping that each breath wouldn't be the last one Minerva took.

>
"We should go, Albus." Fudge looked at his watch. "We're meeting the headmaster of Sowmoles, that American school, in five minutes, and since we can't Apperate..."

>
"Go on. You can't do anything here." Poppy said kindly.

>
The headmaster and Minister walked out of the room, looking back over their shoulder at the silent form on the bed.

>

> ~
Sowmoles, New York

>
"Well, I still don't think Arithmacy should be required." The headmistress of Sowmoles, Agatha Poquiori, said.

>
"Well, Arithmacy is the study of—" Dumbledore was cut off as a mahogany owl flew weakly into the room.

>
Agatha picked up the note. "Albus, it's for you."

>
He opened the envelope carefully, wondering what was in it. On the parchment inside, there were three words written on it:

>
It's a boy.

>
Albus blinked three times. His mouth dropped open. "I have to go," he announced. Grabbing his cloak and his broom, he flew gracefully out the window.

>
Looking at the note, Fudge also flew out the window.

>
"How rude!" Athena said, looking outraged.

>
~

>
Hogwarts

>
Dumbledore walked abruptly into the hospital wing, swiftly followed by Fudge.

>
"Poppy?"

>
"Sh! She's asleep!"

>
"Minerva?"

>
"Yes! Come back here." Poppy gestured to the back room.

>
The three of them walked to the back room.

>
"Madame Pomfrey, do you happen to have some spare parchment?" Fudge asked.

>
"Yes, of course, Minister." Digging through her desk, the witch pulled out parchment and an eagle feather quill.

>
The Minister quickly scrawled something on the paper, grabbed Poppy's sleeping owl from his perch, and threw him out the window. "He may be evil."

>
The nurse looked at him, confused.

>
"The baby! He has evil genes!" Fudge shouted, exasperatedly.

>
"Really, Minister, you can't think a little child..." Poppy was interrupted.

>
"Bring him here." Fudge looked at her in a way that she knew she had to listen to.

>
"He's asleep, if he wakes up, so will Minerva, and she's exhausted, you would be too, if you had just survived a deadly curse, and then had a baby!" Poppy glared at him. "Really, can't you just leave her alone?"

>
"Give them a sleeping spell! They both need to stay asleep, Minerva especially, if she knows what we're doing, I could get-well, just get the child." said Fudge, spitting out the last word.

>
"If she doesn't want us to be doing whatever we are doing, I still don't know what that is, then we shouldn't do it!"

>
"Poppy, it'll be good in the long run, just go!"

>
She left and returned with a tiny baby with black hair, wide-awake, stared quietly at the strangers.

>
"What color are his eyes?"

>
"I believe green."

>
Through the window, fifteen official looking wizards in dark green robes entered the room.

>
"You really don't believe he's evil?" asked Albus, who had remained silent up until now.

>
"I'm afraid it's highly likely, sir," answered one of the officials sharply. "His father has been proven to be Lord Voldemort,

whose father is the Dark Lord Grindelwald."
>
Dumbledore stared at them with an expression of disbelief.

>
"Sir, we need permission to test for evil. Do we have your consent?" A blond haired official peered at him questionably.

>
Albus sighed. "All right, just don't hurt him."

>
"Thank you, sir."

>
The officials got to work quickly.

> ~
The next morning

>
A loud noise woke Minerva abruptly the next morning.

>
(Someone crying. A baby. My baby!)

>
"Minerva! You're awake!" Madame Pomfrey said to her. She looked worried.

>
"Where is he?"

>
Poppy knew instantly what she meant. "Minerva, they- they think he's evil," said Poppy, all in a rush.

>
"They what?" Minerva stared at her with an expression of disbelief.

>
"Evil. The Ministry is trying to prove evil is hereditary."

>
A bang, a flash of light, and a shrill scream cut off what Poppy was saying.

>
Amazed voices came from outside the room.

>
"He killed Ed!"

>
"How can this be possible?"

>
"He's evil! I knew it!"

>
"He must be, if he had the power to kill!"

>
A blond haired official walked nervously through the curtain to where Minerva and Poppy were, confirming their worst fears.

>
"He's evil. There will be a trial, but it's most likely to be guilty."

>
"You can't mean- He's just a baby!" protested Minerva. (Oh my Lord. This can't be happening. Oh, God, please, no! This can't happen. Not to me, not to my baby!) Trying to sound calm, she said, "What would you do if he was guilty?" hoping to God what she thought wasn't true. (This can't be happening. I must be dreaming. No, please, don't say it, please, don't, this can't be happening!)

>
The wizard looked at his feet. "Either solitary confinement for life, or, most likely, death."

>
 ~

>A few days later

>CASE: #24601

>JUDGE: The Honorable Katherine Doyle

>INVOLVED PARTIES: Baby #4563, believed to be evil. Edward Jones, victim of Baby #4563. Minerva McGonagall, mothers of baby #4563. Tom Riddle (Voldemort), father of Baby #4563 (not present).

>EVIDENCE: #4563 evil: murder of Edward Jones. Father Lord Voldemort,
Grandfather Grindelwald.

>
VERDICT: #4563 guilty on all charges.

>
SENTENCE: Death.

>
 ~

>
"So they kill my heir The Ministry will pay, won't it, Phobos, because someday Voldemort will reign!" The dark haired man stroked his cat and grinned evilly. He laughed in a high, shrill voice that didn't suit him at all.

>

>

End
file.